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## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

THE age may be growing intensely mechanical in its pursuits, and terribly 'positive' in its philosophy; poetry may seem to be fast paling its ineffectual fires before the furnace of science; sensibility may be thought in danger of losing four-fifths of its polysyllabic significance, and of dwindling into curt prosaic-sense: yet we have little fear, while people are born with hearts capable of a graduated scale of beats, and with apparatus in due working-order for the secretion of tears, that they will cease to find an ample power to soften and subdue in every touch of nature, connected with the sweet and now solemn past. Nor will ever such kindly memories as are suggested, such a longing lingering look behind as is described, in Charles Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces*, lose the spell that makes the whole world of readers kin. The sacred fount of sympathetic tears must be exhausted first—drained dry as hay, or remainder ship-biscuit, or the light-reading of a merchant's ledger, or the subdivisions of a dull preacher's seventeenthly. If the denizens of this 'visible diurnal sphere' should indeed come to be mere metallic structures, Brummagem imitations of the normal race, with a piece of eight-day clock-work where the heart ought to be, requiring to be wound up every Monday morning, and beautifully adapted to answer Lear's bidding to 'anatomise Regan,' and see 'what breeds about her heart'—if such mechanic monsters, with an allowance of Carlyle's cast-iron parsons as herds, should ever multiply and replenish the earth—then, but not until then, will our philosophy be at fault. Given, a man—be his vocation what it may—even entire allegiance to material interests and utilitarian laws; him given, we are sure of a being who is susceptible of emotion, when reminded, as Elia can remind him, of the old familiar faces, and the souvenirs of long ago. For Elia speaks as the Representative Man of no hole-and-corner constituency, no close-borough, when he thus utters his memories in that musical unrhymed metre:

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

That first stanza carries us back to the Blue Coat School of some seventy years since—when Charles Lamb could reckon among his yellow-legged contemporaries, playmates, and companions, the worthies he marshals before us in one of his choicest essays. We see him listening in the cloisters to Coleridge, the

inspired charity-boy, as the future logician, metaphysician, bard unfolds, in his deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus, or recites Homer or Pindar to any that have not been overdosed with Greek in school-hours; or, hurrying in holiday glee to bathe in the New River, or to pay a fifty times repeated visit to the lions in the Tower; or, chuckling with grateful triumph at not being in old Boyer's class—old Boyer, who had an ingenious method of whipping the boy and reading the *Debates* at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between; while the other master, Field, never used the rod, but let his boys talk and do just as they pleased, and winked at their study of *Peter Wilkins* in preference to Dan Ovid, and their performances with pea-shooters to the prejudice of gerund-grinding.

And then we are carried on to adult life—to the laughing and carousing of manhood's heyday, singing 'Good-night, and joy be wi' you all' at a rather advanced period of the small hours. 'Oh, it is pleasant,' exclaims Elia, 'as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero *De Amicitia*, or some tale of antique friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!' And when a cluster of such ripe fruit, which as blossoms had hung on the bough together, is *vis-à-vis* on the round table with the juice that maketh glad the heart of man—why, there's pretty sure to be a night on't. Bosom cronies hug one another all the closer as they remember them of some who are not, and, like the Lotos-eaters, help one another

To muse; and brood, and live again in memory  
With those old faces of their infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

Anon the recorder of the dislimned and evanished old familiar faces summons up the image of a maiden form—the embodied poetry of his spring-tide, 'loss of whom will never from his heart,' left dry as summer dust now:

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

'Methinks it is better,' he says in the *Essays*, 'that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost'—in accordance with the philosophy that 'tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. In a letter to Coleridge, too, he refers tenderly to those 'pleasant days of hope,' those

'wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which, says he, 'I have so often and so feelingly regretted.' And so, when he, a veteran bachelor, indites *Dream-children: a Reverie*, and pictures himself with his own little ones about him—it is a little Alice that seems to nestle nearest the paternal heart; and the soul of the first Alice looks out at her eyes with such a reality of re-resentation, that he becomes in doubt which of them stands there before him, or whose that bright hair is, and in the doubt he awakes, and behold it is a dream.

And again he tells how he was fain to leave new-formed friendships, however kind and cordial, to muse on those of long ago; how he abruptly quitted the endearments of the present, while it is called to-day, that he might live over again the life, which, being dead, yet speaketh—oh, how tenderly! oh, how searchingly!—of auld lang syne. And as he muses, the fire burns—the fire that lights up dark recesses of memory, and hiding-places thrice ten years deep.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

To meet again on the frosty ground, and beneath the bleak welkin of life's winter, those we have frolicked with and loved in the radiant May hours of existence, is, despite a thousand painful suggestions, surpassingly sweet. 'There is a melancholy pleasure,' writes Chateaubriand, 'in meeting with our acquaintances of early days, and in noting the changes which have taken place, meanwhile, in them and in ourselves. Like finger-posts we have left behind, they serve to mark the route we have taken through the desert of the past.' What a fine yet rugged pathos there is in Matthew Bramble's account of his rencontre with Rear-admiral Balderick—whom he had not set eyes on since they were lads together, and who was now 'metamorphosed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face,' and 'gray locks that were truly venerable.' Says the leal-hearted old cynic: 'Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a newspaper, I gazed at him for some minutes, with a mixture of pleasure and regret, which made my heart gush with tenderness; and then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam," said I, "forty years ago, I little thought"—I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, sure enough!" cried he, squeezing my hand, and surveying me eagerly through his glasses. "I know the looming of the vessel, though she has been hard-strained since we parted; but I can't beave up the name." The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed: "Ah, Matt, my old fellow-cruiser, still afloat!" And starting up, hugged me in his arms.'

When Mansie Wauch revisited his school-day scenes, and recognised the very bushes which had served for lurking-places in 'hunt the hare,' and the very bough of the old fantastic beech-tree from which the swings used to be suspended, and then thought what alterations, what sad havoc, had been wrought among his merry schoolmates by time, circumstances, the hand of fortune, and the stroke of death, he could not help reciting aloud to his now lonely self these lines of Charles Lamb on the old familiar faces. And amid a long train of tender meditations, suggested thereby, Mansie observes, that though we think no more of many a sharer of our early friendships and boyish sports, and though they are as if they had never been, yet some accidental occurrence, some word in conversation,

some object by the wayside, or some passenger in the street, attracts our notice; and then, as if awaking from a perplexing trance, a light darts in upon our darkness; and we discover that thus some one long ago spoke; that there something long ago happened; or that the person, who just passed us like a vision, shared smiles with us long, long years ago, and added a double zest to the enjoyments of our childhood.' Sweet is the beauty and melancholy of Wordsworth's chronicle of school-time, and his early morning-walks with a since estranged friend:—

Of before the hours of school  
I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear  
For this, that one was by my side, a friend  
Then passionately loved; with heart how full  
Would he peruse these lines! For many years  
Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds  
Both silent to each other, at this time  
We live as if those hours had never been.

How dearly Lamb prized an old familiar, in preference to any other kind of face, is well known. 'I engaged him once,' says Mr H. Crabb Robinson, in a recent communication to a literary journal, 'to dine with a common friend. "There will be no one besides ourselves and the three Mr S—s," I said. Lamb immediately exclaimed: "How I hate those three Mr S—s!" "Why, what do you mean? You have never seen any one of them." "That's the reason. I cannot hate any one I have ever seen," was Lamb's unaffected, heartfelt, and most true reply. Lamb's love,' adds Mr Robinson, 'of the old familiar faces, was his most peculiar and characteristic passion.' At two-and-twenty, he thus wrote to Coleridge, who had maintained, he thought, a 'long and unfriendly-like silence,' at a time when deep household calamity had scathed the poor writer's roof-tree: 'Do what you will, Col., you may hurt and vex me by your silence, but you cannot estrange my heart from you all. I cannot scatter friendships like church-farthings, nor let them drop from my hand like hour-glass sand. I have but two or three people in the world to whom I am more than indifferent, and I can't afford to whistle them off to the winds.' And so to the last; never mind how old the face was, so that it was familiar. The older the better. Familiarity bred the very opposite of contempt. Wrinkles and furrows were at a premium with him, provided only he had known the virgin soil ere yet time had begun to harrow it. He could almost cry: Speed the plough! in such a cause.

Natural it is that with scarcity should come increase of price. Dearth enhances the value of those who remain, as death consecrates the memory of those who are gone. When, of two that stand beside us, one is taken and the other left, 'tis meet that each should be henceforth dearer in our eyes—

The most are gone;  
And whoso yet survive of those who then  
Were in their summer season, on the tree  
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,  
Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.\*

When the number is thus reduced, and the once plentiful array of bosom cronies made to dwindle, peak, and pine, nothing can be more inhuman than the selfish apathy and chronic indifference—ossification of the heart, call it—which the poet has portrayed in the lines—

And how their old companions now may fare,  
Little they know and less they care;  
The torment he is doomed to bear  
Is but to them the wonder of a day,  
A burden of sad thoughts soon put away.

So true it is, that that which hath died within us, is

\* Southey.

often the saddest portion of what death has taken away—sad to all, sad above measure to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. For it was not always so chillily about the heart, and if its altars-fires are extinct, it is not that they never burned, and brightly too. Lost feelings, withered sensibilities, are always sad, and often humiliating things. They shame us with the sense of 'foiled potentialities'; they upbraid us with the reminder of what we might have been, set by the side of what we are. What, it has been asked, would be the heart of an old weather-beaten hollow stump, if the leaves and blossoms of its youth were suddenly to spring up out of the mould around it, and to remind it how bright and blissful summer was in the years of its prime! Yet is it possible—and then how refreshing!—to find a young unwithered heart in an old withered breast; one that can even 'smell sweet and blossom in the dust' of threescore years and ten, or even of the fourscore years whose strength is but labour and sorrow, but whose white hairs—true crown of glory—yet glisten with the dew of the morning. Happy old man be his dole, whose philosophy says:

Life is but thought, so think I will  
That youth and I are housemates still—

according to the doctrine, that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Barry Cornwall feelingly alludes to Lamb's keen sense of bereavement, and his tender yearning after the old familiar faces, in the epistle indited on the occasion of Charles's emancipation from clerkship, when the clerk had mended his last pen in the office, and made his last entry in the ledger's 'huge and figured pages,' and was free to go home and write (as he did) an essay on the Superannuated Man—in which essay, by the by, true to his principles, the elderly chartered libertine remembered so wistfully his old desk-fellows and co-brethren of the quill, whom he had left in the state militant—those faded compeers, faithful partners of his toils for six-and-thirty years, whom his heart smote him to leave in that dreary counting-house. Entering accurately into the mixed mood of the freed man's sensations, Barry Cornwall thus congratulates and condoles with him:

Happy beyond that Man of Ross,  
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,  
Art thou; with hope, health, 'learned leisure';  
Friends, books: thy thoughts, an endless pleasure!  
Yet—yet—for when was pleasure made  
Sunshine all without a shade?—  
Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest  
Through the busy scenes thou lovest,  
With an idler's careless look,  
Turning some moth-pierced book  
Feel'st a sharp and sudden wo,  
For visions vanished long ago!  
And then, thou think'st how time has fled  
Over thy unsilvered head,  
Snatching many a fellow-mind  
Away, and leaving—what?—behind!  
Nought, alas! save joy and pain  
Mingled ever, like a strain  
Of music, where the discords vie  
With the truer harmony.

*Telle est la vie!* But from the life that now is, the vaulting ambition of man's highest instincts aspires to a less checkered future; and his final adieu to departing friends is, as its name imports, a commending them to the Fountain of Life, in the faith that all live unto Him—and the heart-full *au revoir* is big with promise that the severance is not for evermore. For it is 'faith as vague as all unsweet' that man should not retain his individual life, and recognise that of others,

the old familiar faces, after he has shuffled off this mortal coil, as the true poet of *In Memoriam* says, in his assurance of rejoining and recognising the beloved object of his elegy:

Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside;  
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good;  
What vaster dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth?

Or as a true poetess, Mrs Browning, expresses her convictions, on the same theme of the endeared dead and gone:

I know we shall behold them raised, complete—  
The dust shook from their beauty—glorified  
New Memmons singing in the great God-light.

Lines which, in connection with the occasional cause of this paper, remind us of Lander's warm apostrophe to the memory of Lamb, as a fit conclusion to our discursive thoughts—

Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth  
In every utterance of that purest soul!  
Few are the spirits of the glorified  
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of heaven.

#### MUSIC IN LARGE BUILDINGS.

It is not improbable that the year now commencing will witness much discussion concerning the interesting question—to what extent are large buildings adapted for sound, and for musical performances generally? The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, lately noticed in the Journal, is under the management of directors who are keenly alive to all the available or possible resources whereby grandeur of effect may be produced, in their singularly varied and unparalleled undertaking. Before noticing the subject of music in connection with this Palace of Light, we will throw together a few remarks bearing collaterally on the subject.

Musicians and architects are by no means yet agreed as to the proper size and proportions of music-rooms. Time after time we meet with controversies in the public journals on this subject, and men of science, fresh from the study of acoustics, occasionally step in and offer an opinion on the matter. It may be worth while to shew how closely *echoes* are associated with this inquiry.

Sir John Herschel has collected many examples of remarkable echoes, illustrative of the influence produced on the propagation of sound by the forms of buildings. In St Alban's Abbey-church, the tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the church to the other. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave. An echo in the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, repeats twenty-one syllables. In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne, with perfect distinctness, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet—a fact which occasioned some scandal a few years ago, by rendering the secrets of the confessional audible to persons who sought to gratify their curiosity unknown to the confessor or the confessed. In the Whispering-gallery at St Paul's, as is well known to most country visitors in London, the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but is not heard at the intermediate points. In the Manfroni Palace at Venice is a square room about 25 feet high, with a concave roof; a person standing in the centre of the room, and stamping gently with his foot

on the floor, hears the sound repeated a great number of times.

Sir John proceeds to point out the necessary connection between the form of a room and the effect of music heard therein. In small buildings, the velocity of sound is such that the dimensions of the building are traversed by the reflected sound in a time too small to admit of the echo being distinguished from the principal sound. In large buildings, on the other hand, such as churches, theatres, and concert-rooms, the echo is heard after the principal sound has ceased; and if the building be so constructed as to return several echoes in very different times, the effect will be unpleasant. It is mainly for this reason that in cathedrals the service is usually read in a sustained uniform tone, rather than of singing than speaking; the voice being thus blended in unison with its echo. 'A good reader will time his syllables, if possible, so as to make one fall in with the echo of the last, which will thus be merged in the louder sound, and produce less confusion in his delivery.' In respect to music, the result is varied by many different circumstances. In a room of moderate size, the echo is not prolonged in any sensible degree after the original sound: it therefore only tends to reinforce it, and is highly advantageous. In churches and other large buildings, an echo can only be advantageous in the performance of slow pieces, where the echo shall have done its work before the harmony of a chord has changed; else a dissonance would arise. Sir John gives the following curious estimate, derived from the laws of sound: 'When ten notes succeed one another in a second, as is often the case in modern music, the longitudinal echo of a room fifty-five feet long will precisely throw the second reverberation of each note on the principal sound of the following one, wherever the auditor be placed; which, in most cases, will produce—in so far as it is heard—only discord.' There seems, in fact, to be a scientific basis for the assertion that, after making allowance for the absence of open windows, deep recesses, hangings, or carpeting—all of which interfere with reverberation—there is a certain relational fitness between the size of a music-room and the rapidity of the music played therein: if this size and this rapidity assort well, echo will strengthen and improve the music; if not, echo will have a discordant result. It is impossible to carry out this principle with any full practical effect; because not only do different tunes differ in average rapidity, but also different bars of the same tune; nevertheless, if the theory be well based, it may enable us to understand the well-admitted fact, that some music-rooms are found better fitted than others for their destined purpose. Sir John Herschel speaks of the notion sometimes entertained, that a parabolic form should be given to the walls around an orchestra, to throw out the sound in parallel lines; but he sees no wisdom in this: 'The object to be aimed at in a concert-room is, not to deafen a favoured few, but to fill the whole chamber equally with sound, and yet allow the echo as little power to disturb the principal sound, by a lingering after-twang, as possible.'

Any one who has paid attention to the discussions relating to the new Houses of Parliament, will remember how much has been said concerning the alleged unfitness for hearing, arising out of injudicious acoustic arrangements in the first instance; and musical persons will be equally familiar with the various opinions expressed concerning Exeter Hall, St Martin's Hall, the Town-hall at Birmingham, St George's Hall at Bradford, and other large rooms, in relation to their fitness for musical performances. But the sounding of music in the Hyde Park Palace gave a new impulse to this subject; for never before, perhaps, were musical instruments subjected to so severe an ordeal, owing to the immense size of the structure.

During the Great Exhibition of 1851, as every one

knows, music was performed every day. However fine the pianos and harps may have been, they were not audible at any great distance from the instruments; and even the fine organs of Willis, Ducroquet, Hill, Gray, and Davison, and other makers, did not fill the building generally with a volume of sound. One curious example of this was, that all four organs might have been playing at once different tunes, and yet each have its own audience, very little, if at all, affected by the sound of the other instruments. The sound of each organ magnificently filled a certain small portion of the building, but could not be said to have filled the vast space generally. Herr Sommer's gigantic horn, the 'Sommerophone,' really threw out its sound to a greater distance than any of the organs. There can be no question that the *shape* of the building had much to do with this matter, irrespective of its size. If the 10,000 little voices which produce such a grand and thrilling effect in St Paul's Cathedral once a year—if these were in a building of the same shape, and twice as large, we cannot safely infer what the effect would be, for there has never been an opportunity of putting such a performance to the test.

During the progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it appears to have engaged the occasional attention of the directors, whether or not, and in what way, to introduce music into their wondrous structure, that the ear as well as the eye may drink in beauty. It is a question of some importance; for if done at all, it should be done effectually—nothing puny must take part in the Sydenham Palace. In order to prepare themselves for grappling with the question, they wisely determined to call in aid from other quarters. They appointed a committee of inquiry, formed of three persons well skilled in the theory of music and of sound generally. These are: the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., 'Mus. Bac.' at Oxford University; Professor Willis, of Cambridge University; and Mr Donaldson, professor of music at the university of Edinburgh. We have been favoured with a copy of the report which these gentlemen have sent in to the directors; and there are in it a few particulars and suggestions highly interesting in connection with our present subject.

The question submitted to the committee was: 'To inquire into, and advise the directors of the Crystal Palace Company upon the construction of an organ; the number and kinds of stops, &c., which it should contain; its position in the building; the fittest person or persons to build it; and, generally, any points that may suggest themselves for the purpose of adapting it in the most perfect manner to the peculiar nature of the building, and of the objects by which it is to be surrounded.' The committee commence their report by adverting to the fact, that the admirable organs in the Hyde Park building ceased to be admirable to persons far distant in the building, inasmuch as the sounds themselves became nearly inaudible. The committee report, that there is no reason to doubt the possibility of constructing an organ suitable for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, but that such an organ must possess a much greater magnitude and completeness than any yet constructed. The largest organs in England at present are those in the Town-hall at Birmingham, and the Minster at York. One of these buildings has an interior capacity of about 600,000 cubic feet, the other upwards of 4,000,000 cubic feet; but the transept alone of the Sydenham building—which is 340 feet long, 170 wide, and 200 high—greatly exceeds the larger of these two, irrespective of the other parts of the structure. The clerestory of a cathedral—the narrow portion above the nave-arches—greatly assists in reverberating the sound; whereas in the Crystal Palace there will be very little to prevent the diffusion of vibratory waves in every direction; and this renders all the more necessary the production of a powerful body of sound.

The proposed organ must not only be larger than any other, but it must have some new and powerful means of sonorous effect. The committee enumerate sixteen organs which have become famed for their power. Some of these organs owe their power to the number and judicious arrangement of the stops, while others owe it rather to some one particular stop, which soars above all the others in power. A 'stop,' we may here observe, is a technical name for a whole row of pipes, all of which have the same kind or quality of tone, although differing in pitch. There are numerous stops or sets of pipes in every large organ, and it is thus that the pipes become so very great in number; at Weingarten, the organ contains more than 6600 pipes. The fine organs in the Paris churches are said to owe their power chiefly to the quality of those which are called the reed-stops; and it is considered to have been proved, that this reedy quality of tone permeated the Hyde Park building better than any other. The committee recommend that especial attention should be paid to reed-stops, in any organ destined for the new Crystal Palace; they point also to the fact, that very large pipes have a wonderful effect in producing a volume of sound fitted to fill a building of large dimensions. The largest pipe yet made to any organ is thirty-two feet, producing a note two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello; and those organs which have such pipes derive a marvellous power therefrom, irrespective of the quality of the tone produced. A very large pipe actually requires a very large building, to enable the pipe to 'speak' at all.

After going carefully through the whole subject, the committee decide that it is quite within the compass of the skill of our organ-builders to produce an organ suitable for and worthy of the new Crystal Palace; but the details sketched by them have a vastness which—to use a familiar expression—almost takes one's breath away. Such an organ as they prefigure, would as far excel all other organs as the Crystal Palace will—in its own peculiar style of beauty—excel all other buildings. We will shortly run through their list of suggestions.

The organ would be placed, the committee say, at one extremity of the central transept. Its *monstre* dimensions would be 108 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and 140 feet high. The internal construction would be like that of a house, in stories, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. The feeders of the bellows would be worked by a small steam-engine, which, together with the feeders themselves, would be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ. The space beneath the first floor of the organ would be entirely open and disengaged, being only occupied by pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks. The lower or supporting part of the organ would be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, open on all sides with arches; and the pillars would be made hollow, so as to serve as wind-trunks. The interior mechanism of the organ would comprise all the modern improvements, with especial reference to reed-stops and large pipes, and the construction of two pipes 64 feet long each, twice the size of the largest yet made. These magnificent pipes would form part of an architectural or at least ornamental frontage to the organ. The whole of the vast instrument would be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general character of the building itself; for, provided the supports be firm and substantial, the organ might have a lightness and delicacy of arrangement notwithstanding its huge dimensions. The interior of the organ would be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to shew as many of the pipes as possible at one view; the sides and back would be constructed, in a great measure, of iron framework and glass, and thus spectators in the gallery will be enabled to inspect the interior mechanism while actually at work. There would, to prevent

the lateral dispersion of sound, be erected screens of glass and ironwork, extending from the floor of the gallery to the roof, thus enclosing the organ to a certain degree on two sides; and it is recommended that not only should all kinds of carpeting and drapery be kept at a distance from the organ, but that plants and fountains should not be allowed to be brought nearer to it than is actually necessary for carrying out the general arrangements of the building, since moisture interferes with the vibrating state of the air near a musical instrument. Such a vast organ as the committee recommend would cost, they say, at least L.25,000, and would require three years in construction.

What decision the directors may arrive at concerning this bold and daring scheme, we do not know: possibly some time will be needed before all the contingencies and consequences of such an enterprise can be duly weighed. At all events, if adopted, three years must elapse before the Sydenham Palace can be enriched with such an organ; and, in the meantime, lovers of organ-music may ponder on the vast idea, and may dream of Bach and Handel, of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

#### THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage

with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn! Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skilful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the calèche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything

furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

'Have you any other guests here to-night?' asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

'Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot.'

'And what may be the reverend father's name?' asked my companion.

'Era Carlo Benevoluto,' replied the other.

'Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name.'

'Very likely,' said the innkeeper. 'There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family.'

'Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honour to drink wine with us.'

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shewn into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighbouring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of

this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our calèche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, 'Let us go!' and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. 'Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!' said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his firearms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. 'Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!'

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: 'Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them: we await your return;' and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. 'Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself: no thief would rob a priest.' It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: 'Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a

bullet through your head. Va!' Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: 'Piano! piano!' and we instantly passed through St Antonin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain shewed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: 'Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!' I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated him at last.

'Yes,' said he; 'it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And yon bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears, and eyes too.' I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night. 'A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stilettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did.'

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: 'The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmes dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the

Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carbinier at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Nor being gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and possessing no skill in sciences abstruse and occult, we are not going upon the present occasion to attempt any explanation of the mysteries of the past, or to project forward from the dark lantern of imagination an enlightening gleam upon those of the future. We know nothing whatever about the Coming Struggle—have not even the honour of a bowing acquaintance with the Coming Man—have no pretensions to decide upon the completion of the chiliadic periods, nor have looked over the proof-sheets of the next year's almanac by Raphael. The great uproar among the nations that is to be, or is not to be—the long-looked-for *débâcle* which is to hoist Turkey in Europe out of Europe—and all the threatened and promised marvels and prodigies and horrors, which certain hungry and thirsty seers find it so profitable just now to send drifting down the current of public opinion—these must take their course for us, and crown their own especial prophets and promulgators with honour or disgrace, as it may happen: they are not wares for our market. The signs of the times with which we at present have to do, though they do some of them hang out aloft very high, and blaze like meteors—while others glimmer feebly and fitfully in fuliginous and cavernous resorts, have nothing either celestial or infernal, supernatural or prophetic about them. They are substantial realities, the work of men's hands; they appeal in silent but unmistakable language to a very numerous class of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and, unlike the symbols of ancient or modern soothsayers, are never misunderstood by the dullest pate in Christendom. For instance: 'The Cat and Bagpipes.'

When certain unpropitious planets are in apogee, or when Mars and Venus are in opposition, there may be a shindy brewing somewhere, we don't deny it—very probably there is—we cannot undertake to determine; but when we see the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes in the ascending, and swaying gracefully in the evening breeze at the corner of a street, we don't want the aid of astrological lore or the spirit of divination to inform us what it symbolises. We know as well as if we were Spigot himself, and had doctored the beer and spirits with our own hands for these twenty years past, what it means. It means stout in draught, and bottled beer, and treble X at threepence-halfpenny 'in your own jugs'; it means 'max,' and 'mountain-dew,' and 'yards of clay,' and a brown jappanned tobacco-box, inscribed with the venerable legend—

A good half-penny pay before you fill,  
Or forfeit sixpence, which you will;

and a saw-dusted floor crowded with kitchen-chairs and iron-spittoons, and mahogany-tables baptised in beer and loaded with foaming pots, each the temporary property of a volcanic proprietor in a state of eruption, to be followed by a state of harmony, and to end in a state of beastliness. And besides all this, it means skittles in the mouldy patch of garden-ground in the rear, and 'goes' of gin, and 'noggins' and 'three-outers,' and plenty more of that sort of thing, as everybody knows, and no mistake at all about it.

If any one doubts the universal knowledge which bibulous man has obtained with respect to the language of these signs, he or she must be a person of most happy experience, who has dwelt apart in some delectable Arcadia where milk and honey have not been banished by malt and hops—and not in dusty, miry,

smoky, beery, brewery London, where Sir John Barley-corn surveys the whole capital from unnumbered elevations, and is monarch of all he surveys. Yonder fustian-jacketed labourer is in no such a state of heathen, or, if you like it better, classical ignorance. Ask him the way to Aldgate, and he will direct you along the whole route, though it should extend for a couple of miles, by those to him hospitable and infallible guides. He knows the charms of each separate paradise, and, never dreaming but that you are equally well informed, directs you to go straight on till you come to the Three Turks, then to turn to the right and cross over at the Dog and Duck, and go on again till you come to the Bear and Bottle, then to turn the corner at the Jolly Old Cocks, and after passing the Veteran, the Guy Fawkes, and the Iron Duke, to take the first turn to the right, which will bring you into it. By this civil communication you are taught, as we have been taught a hundred times, that the publicans' signs are, to no small section of the public, a substitute for the map of London. We propose to take a brief glance at them as they hang over our heads or flourish on side-posts or ground-glass windows. We have no intention of entering their sacred precincts, but shall confine ourselves to some selections from the catalogue which the bare enumeration of them would present, in order to see who and what are supposed to be the presiding deities in these veritable homes of half the working population of the capital of Great Britain.

The public-houses in London amount in number to something not much short of 5000, and if we suppose that the average number of customers to each is 100 a day—and some of the gin-spinning fraternity may count their daily customers by thousands—the sum-total will be more than equivalent to half the adult population—which does not say much for the spread of the total-abstinence principles. The half-million men and women who daily subscribe to the great alcoholic fund for promoting the demoralisation of the human race, and throw their personal example into the bargain, are the supporters of about 30,000 persons employed in the sole occupation of administering the popular libations, and of half as many more engaged in their manufacture, for the consumption of London alone. They congregate together for one uniform purpose, but under banners including every variety which the imagination can suggest. Somebody has said, that upon a question capable of popular solution nearly everybody will arrive at a just verdict, though perhaps no two men will be found who do so upon the same premises: your thirsty subject has always a problem to solve, and, so that he comes to the desired conclusion, is not at all particular as to the premises. If in a loyal mood, he may get drunk on the premises of the Victoria or Prince Albert; if in a patriotic one, at the Nelson or the Duke of Wellington; if in a benevolent one, at the Open Hand; if in an angry one, at the Hand and Dagger; and so on, suiting the action to the sign, with true drunken philosophy, the action being always the same whatever the sign.

The first class of signs demanding notice are those bearing the names, and frequently the portraits, of celebrated individuals. The first on the list, for we like to begin at the beginning, is of course Adam; but Adam, before he had his Eve, had his arms, for which we must refer the reader to the College of Heraldry, putting no faith in the legend of a pewter pot, and a couple of crossed tobacco-pipes, attributed to him by the learned members of the Licensed Victuallers' Company. There is but one Adam's Arms in London. Then come Adam and Eve together, and the blissful pair dominate over exactly twelve reeking tap-rooms within the sound of Bow Bells. Our first parents are the only antediluvians on the list, but of Noah's Arks, which form the connecting-link between the world before and the world after the deluge, there are eight. David with his harp

begins the catalogue of royal personages, of whom there is literally no end. There is a King Alfred, only one King George, two Henry the Eighths, three Kings of Denmark, fourteen Kings of Prussia, five King William the Fourth, one King on Horseback, ten King and Queens, ninety King's Arms, and seventy King's Heads. Of Queens Adelaide and Charlotte, there are two each; of Queen Victoria, twenty-one; of Queen's Arms, a dozen; and of Queen's Heads, fifty; and for the use and behoof of all these royal personages, there are threescore-and-ten Crowns; and about as many more in connection with Anchors, Anvils, Apple-trees, Barley-mows, Tin-cans, Dolphins, Horse-shoes, Leeks, Sceptres, Shears, Shuttles, Sugar-loaves, Thistles, and Wool-packs; to say nothing of fifty Roses, the rose always taking precedence of the crown on the sign-board. There are a dozen Prince Alberts; twice as many Princes of Wales; as many Prince-Regents. Each Prince-Regent might be matched with a Princess of some designation or other; and foreign princes and princes' heads complete the catalogue of sovereignty. Then there is everything Royal, from the Royal Albert, down through the whole alphabet to the Royal Yacht, including five-and-twenty Royal Oaks and fifteen Royal Standards.

Of Dukes, there are ninety-eight, including fourteen Dukes of Clarence, six Dukes of Sussex, twenty-five Dukes of Wellington, and thirty Dukes of York. There are ten Earls, and forty-five Lords, including thirty Lord Nelsons; thirty-six Marquises, of whom one-half are Marquises of Grauby. Of Shakespeares, there is but one, and six Shakespeare's Heads. There are two Sir Isaac Newtons, two Sir Sydney Smiths, and one Sir Walter Scott; one Van Tromp, three Whittington and Cats, two Sir John Barleycorns, four Sir John Falstaffs, and ten Robin Hoods.

Among the signs especially appealing to workmen, there are the arms of every profession, from the Bricklayers' Arms, of which London boasts thirty, through the whole alphabet again, down to the Watermen's Arms, of which there are fifteen.

In the animal kingdom, there are three Antelopes; fourteen Brown Bears, besides a whole bear-garden of various other lively colours; Birds in the Hand, five; Black Bulls, sixteen; Bulls' Heads, twenty-five; Black Dogs, four; Black Horses, twenty-five; Black Lions, ten; Black Swans, six; Blue Boars, seven; one Blue Pig; one Blue Lion; one Camel; four Cart-horses; three Cats; one Civet Cat; twenty Cocks; four Cocks with Bottles; two Cocks with Hoops, and one Cock and Neptune; two Dogs and Ducks; fourteen Dolphins; six Eagles; seven Elephants, with or without Castles; ten Falcons; one Fish; thirty Foxes, with Grapes, Geese, or Hounds; three Hampshire Hogs; five Hares and Hounds; ten Goats, some in Boots, and some furnished with a pair of Compasses; thirty Green Men; nine Greyhounds; two Hen and Chickens; one Hog in the Pound; twenty-seven Horses and Grooms; ten Lions in a state of nature, some tête-à-tête with Lambs, some with French Horns; ninety Lions in red skins, and twenty-eight in white ones; seven Magpies, one with a Maiden, three with a Stump, one with a Pewter Platter, and one with a Punch-bowl; twenty Nags' Heads; one Old Cock; one Old Fox; six Old Red Lions; and four Old Swans. There are twelve Pea-cocks; one Pheasant; four Pied Bulls; two Rams; two Ravens; nine Red Cows; one Red Horse; ten Roebucks; seven Running Horses; one Running Footman; three Spotted Dogs; eleven Spread Eagles; thirty Swans, some with Horse-shoes, some with Sugar-loaves, and one with two Necks; five Tigers; twelve Turks' Heads; five Unicorns; eighteen White Bears; seventy White Harts, and only one White Hind; fifty-four White Horses; one White Raven; thirty-one White Swans; four Stags; one Leopard; three British Lions, and one Porcupine.

Some publicans betray a partiality for a particular number, and double or treble their signs, or choose some device which shall express their favourite figure. Thus we have the One Tun, the One Swan; the Two Bells, the Two Black Boys, the Two Sawyers, the Two Ships, the Two Mariners, the Two Brewers (of which there are thirty), the Two Eagles, &c. Then we have the Three Colts, the Three Compasses (twenty-seven in number), the Three Cranes, the Three Crowns, the Three Cups, the Three Goats' Heads, the Three Hats, the Three Herrings, the Three Jolly Butchers, the Three Kingdoms, the Three Kings' Heads, the Three Loggerheads, the Three Lords, the Three Mackerel, the Three Neats' Tongues, the Three Pigeons, the Three Stags, the Three Suns, and the Three Tuns, which last number over a score. Four is not a favourite number with publicans, and the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street is the only quadruple alliance upon the sign-boards of London. Fives there are in plenty; among which we may particularise the Five Bells and Blade-bone, the Five Ink-horns, and the Five Pipes. Of sixes, there are but two—the Six Bells, and the Six Cans and Punch-bowl. Of the sevens, there are just seven—of which six are the Seven Stars, and one the Seven Sisters. Then the Eight Bells, of which there are four; and the Nine Elms, of which there is but one. There is also but one ten—the Ten Bells; and one twelve, which is also a peal of Bells.

There are sixteen saints—St John, St Luke, and St Paul being the favourites; and though there is but one bishop, Bishop Blaize, there are eleven Mitres. Of Georges, there are fifty; and twenty more of that gentleman settling his account with the Dragon. There are twenty-one Angels, and fifteen more Angels in partnership with Crowns, Suns, and Trumpets; seven Flying Horses; about thirty Golden prodigies of various kinds—Anchors, Fleeces, and Lions; of Green Dragons, there are sixteen; and five Griffins, three Men in the Moon, one Monster, three Neptunes, eleven Phoenixes, and one Silver Lion.

Among the Jolly fellows are the Jolly Anglers, the Jolly Farmers, the Jolly Millers, the Jolly Sailors, and the Jolly Waterman, with a Tippling Philosopher at their head.

Of fruits, fruit-trees, and vegetables, we have—Artichokes, seven; Apple-trees, three; Cherry-trees, five; Grapes, sixty-six; Mulberry-trees, four; Orange-trees, two; Pine-apples, five; and Vines, three.

The most absorbent colours are found to be black, blue, green, red, and white. Of these the Blacks amount to nearly a hundred, the greater part of them being Black Bulls and Black Horses; the Blues are sixty, being mainly Anchors, Boars, and Posts; the Greens are fifty, mostly Green Dragons or Green Men; the Reds are a hundred and ten, of which three-fourths are Lions; and the Whites are above two hundred, in which the White Hart and the White Horse principally predominate.

Among the mysterious signs which are apt to puzzle us as we walk the streets, are the Hole-in-the-Wall, of which there are seven; the Bag of Nails—thought to be a corruption of The Bacchanalians—the Two Black Boys; the Cat and Salutation; the Fish and Bell; the Globe and Pigeons; the Goose and Gridiron; Grave Maurice (who was he?); the Half-moon and Punch-bowl; the Ham and Windmill; the Hat and Tun; the Hop and Toy; the Horns and Chequers; the Horse-shoe and Magpie; the King's Head and Lamb; the Naked Boy and Woolpack; the Queen's Head and French Horn; the Rose and Three Tuns; the Salmon and Compasses; the Slash and Cocoa-tree; the Sun and Sword; the Ship and Blade-bone, &c., the significations of which, if they have any, lie too deep beneath the surface for our comprehension.

Of the implements of agriculture there are—Ploughs,

eighteen; Harrows, five; one Shovel, three Carts and Horses, and two Wagons. We may add that there are four score Ships in all conditions, from a Ship on the Launch, to a Sheer Hulk; and of Anchors there are twenty, most of them allied with Hope, and twenty more allied only with blue paint.

The above selections from the list of wooden banners, beneath which assemble nightly the thirsty population of the metropolis, must suffice for the present. They are the multifaced symbols of the most frequented, most popular, and best patronised of all our national institutions; whether they reflect much credit upon us as the inhabitants of the most enlightened city in the world, is a question we have not leisure to enter upon. The hospitality they practise is regarded by humanitarians as a very doubtful virtue—and some of them do not scruple to declare, that though by no means ministers of charity themselves, they are the originating causes of half the munificent and splendid charitable endowments which adorn our land, and, moreover, of not a few of those palatial-looking prison-fortresses which the genius of architecture has latterly condescended to render ornamental too, on the principle, we suppose, that if the body politic cannot get rid of an unsightly wen, the next best thing is to hide it beneath an agreeable covering.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE progress of science is in our day so rapid, that a man cut off, for a single year, from sources of information, would find himself in a very uncomfortable state of ignorance on resuming his intercourse with society. A monthly sketch of this department of knowledge—though assuming to be nothing more than a kind of popular gossip—will, we think, put our non-scientific readers at their ease in well-informed company, while it may be of use to the savant as a chronological record and remembrancer of the progress of discovery. With such objects, we propose taking some pains to group in this department of the Journal whatever is more remarkable in the passing history of science and the useful arts.

'Is there any limit to the number of planetary bodies?' is the inquiry more and more repeated among astronomers, as the list of minor planets is increased by continued discovery. Twenty-seven of these little orbs have already been recognised and named, and the finding of others is now considered to be scarcely more than a mechanical task; one, however, which may lead to a confirmation of the views that certain starry phenomena are about to be better comprehended than hitherto. Le Verrier argues, that the whole mass of these small bodies within the zone in which they are found, will prove to be equal to not more than one-fourth of the mass of the earth; deriving his conclusion from the fact, that Mars appears to be altogether undisturbed by their presence. In pursuing the question, it is thought that something like a satisfactory explanation may be arrived at concerning *aërolites*—one of the puzzles of science. Besides this, a classification for comets is to be drawn up, by which our knowledge, such as it is, of those eccentric wanderers may be reduced to a system; and a connected series of observations on auroræ is to be attempted from different parts of the northern hemisphere. With respect to the latter phenomenon, De la Rive puts forth the opinion, that we may attribute it 'to the electricity with which the currents of air are charged that rise from the equatorial regions, and travel in the upper atmosphere towards the poles, where they combine with the negative electricity of the earth, forming, under the influence of the magnetic pole, those luminous arches.'

A communication from Aden warns mariners navigating the Arabian seas, that a change has taken place in the variation of the compass. This fact, however, is well known to scientific men; it is a process continually going on in that region at the rate of rather more than a degree every ten years. It is now 2-49 west; in 1834, it was above 5°. The causes will probably have to be sought for in the as yet occult phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The inquiry into these is still perseveringly carried on. Colonel Sabine has just presented an important paper to the Royal Society, in which he demonstrates, from five years' observations, that the moon, as well as the sun, exercises an influence on the magnet. It is another step towards clearing away the obscurities that at present darken the subject.

Dr Palagi of Bologna has made some curious experiments, by which he finds that bodies, of whatever kind, 'in a natural state, exhibit signs of vitreous electricity in proportion as they are raised up from the surface of the earth, and signs of resinous electricity as they again approach it in descending.' It is not, he remarks, the effect of muscular force, nor of the rate of movement; for whether fast or slow, organic or inorganic, the result is still the same. A man may produce it in favourable circumstances by raising his arm. The experiments, however, are subject to great modifications, and will not succeed unless carried on in some very open place out of doors. The connection between these phenomena and those of magnetism may become apparent in the further progress of the investigation; meantime, the results obtained by Professor J. Phillips are worthy of notice. He finds, from a course of magnetic observations made in Yorkshire, that different sets of isoclinical lines appear for different portions of that great county. He believes these differences to be due to the nature and inclination of underlying strata, and that in time we shall be able, by nice observations of the magnetic needle on the surface, to judge of the strata that lie below as correctly as by boring. If these views hold good, magnetism will prove a valuable aid to geology; and there is perhaps more relation between the two than is commonly supposed. Magnetic disturbances are known to have occurred during eruptions of Mauna Loa and of Etna; and it is not impossible that some of the unsettled points in geology may hereby come to be cleared up. According to Professor Edward Forbes, the geology of England is all to do over again, as is indicated by facts which have recently come under notice in the Isle of Wight. Strata and outcrops, he says, have been mistaken, and we have now to regard our 'English series of Eocene tertiary,' hitherto imperfect, to be the most complete perhaps in the world. And by these we are enabled to assign true places to strata bordering on the Mediterranean, and even so far off as Australia. No fear, therefore, of geological inquiries becoming exhausted.

A subject of some importance to farmers has been brought before the Chemical Society—the deposits of 'soluble or gelatinous silica' found in the lower chalk-beds at Farnham. They are probably from 80 to 100 feet thick, and they cover an area of several miles. In some samples that have been taken up, the silica amounts to seventy-two per cent. Mr Way proposes 'to employ these beds as a source of silicate of lime for agricultural purposes. He finds that the silica can be made to combine with lime with great ease in various ways. A mixture of slaked lime with the powdered rock, when made into a thin mortar, and left for several weeks, is entirely converted into silicate of lime.' The use of this substance on light lands is said to be beneficial, inasmuch as it prevents the over-luxuriance of growing grain, and strengthens the straw. It is something to have a fertiliser at command without sending for it to South America. It appears that the quantity of Peruvian guano available is much less than

was supposed—about 8,000,000 tons, which will probably be exhausted in about eight years. Notwithstanding that specimens of bats' guano have been sent over from Penang, and that great deposits are said to be scattered about the Indian archipelago, it seems desirable that other substances should be looked for as a means of fertilising our fields. In these circumstances, we hear with interest of plans for obtaining artificial manure from the abundant fish of our seas, and from the sewage of our large towns. We are certainly on the eve of realising some of these plans.

The same society have had their attention drawn to certain remarkable phenomena witnessed in the treacle stores of the London Docks. In 1849, 110 casks of molasses, containing altogether 1270 hundredweights, were stowed away in the usual manner. In September 1851, an increase of weight was observed, when the casks were re-cooped. In February 1852, they were again weighed, and again was there an increase of weight, amounting on the whole to 23½ hundredweights; or more, for in some instances it had no more than made up for leakage. Another squadron of 347 casks, weighing 4160 hundredweights, were also stowed away in July 1849, and reweighed in September 1852, when some were so swollen, that the heads bulged as though overfull, and on starting the bung, the molasses spurted upwards for several feet like a fountain. These casks weighed 12 hundredweights each: the greater number had gained from 1 pound to 30, and nearly 100 from 30 to 51 pounds, the total gain being 56 hundredweights. In a third instance, the increase ranged from 23 pounds to 68 pounds, an extraordinary result. A remarkable property of absorption is said to be the cause, and most powerful in the casks made of Quebec pine.

It is well known that the Davy-lamp used by miners, with all its merits, was not free from imperfections, and that many attempts have been made to improve upon it. Among the latest is the safety-lamp exhibited by Dr Glover at a meeting of the Society of Arts. It has two glass cylinders—the outer one, a quarter-inch thick; the inner, one-eighth, kept in place by a fitting of wire-gauze. The air descends between the two, and passes through the gauze to feed the flame from below, which insures almost entire combustion, while by this arrangement the lamp becomes less heated than the Davy, and can be held in the hand. There is safety in the two cylinders, since if the outer one should be broken by a drop of water falling on it while heated, the other suffices to prevent mischief until a new one can be fitted. Another means of safety is, that whenever the lamp is surrounded by an explosive gas, the flame is at once extinguished by a tin cone attached to the gauze; and moreover, the flame goes out should the miner attempt to light his pipe by it. From the trials made, this improved lamp appears well adapted to its purpose, in increased brilliancy of light, as well as other respects. It may be well, however, to mention, that a safety-lamp 'on the lock-spring principle,' was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, by Mr E. Simons, of Birmingham, who placed it in a stream of hydrogen gas, and shewed its construction to be such, 'that the least attempt on the part of the miner to open the lamp would cause the light to be extinguished.'

There were a few instances of self-educated endeavour brought before the same meeting that are deserving of notice: one, a man of the coast-guard, who had prepared the skeleton of a porpoise in a way superior to anything of the kind yet accomplished, the fins and pelvic bone being retained in their place. Besides the prize awarded to him, a number of his specimens have been purchased for the British Museum, the chiefs of that establishment being well satisfied with the skilful preparations. Another example was a model of a mine and its machinery by a working-mechanic, described 'as both novel and ingenious, and displaying an amount of

perseverance and talent of no ordinary kind.' There is talk of establishing a School of Mines for Cornwall at Truro: judging from appearances, we may believe that there will be no lack of intelligent students. We may add also, before quitting this subject, that an important machine has been brought into use for drying the 'china clay,' of which 80,000 tons or more are exported every year from different parts of Cornwall, chiefly to Staffordshire for use in the Potteries. The usual method has been to prepare the clay, and leave it to dry by the natural process—one which, as it frequently demanded six or eight months, involved great loss of time. The machine now used is similar in principle to that employed for drying clothes after washing: the lumps of clay are placed in the compartments made to receive them, the apparatus is then rotated with great velocity, which throws off the water by centrifugal force, and in this way two tons of clay can be dried in five minutes. Seeing that more than £200,000 is spent annually in Cornwall in 'getting' and preparing this clay for the market, any shortening of the process must lead to important consequences. The same principle has been introduced in the drying of manufactured sugar with considerable advantage.

The rearing of fish is about to have a fair trial at Storemountfield on the Tay, where a salmon-nursery has been formed, with 400,000 eggs, all duly fecundated by the artificial process, and now going through the stages towards hatching in the spring. If but one-half of the young fry come forth and survive, there will be good reason for repeating the experiment. Across the Channel, there is a scheme for naturalising the sturgeon, and the *saluth*, a large fish from the Swiss lakes—in the rivers of France. Should it succeed to any extent, we shall be able to get caviare and ingslass without sending to Astrakan for them. It is thought that, as the Rhône has no mills or factories along the greater part of its course, parks or conservatories of fish may be laid off in suitable places, and attempts made to cross different breeds, as is practised successfully by the Chinese. The Dutch government has just established two of these fish-nurseries in the neighbourhood of the Hague; so that we may hope to see ere long to what extent it is possible to add by this means to our food resources.

Assam, in addition to tea, has sent over fifteen bales of *Rheea* grass, the same as that from which the much-talked of 'grass-cloth' is made. It may be used also for other purposes; for it is said to be superior to Russian hemp, and cheaper, and producible in large quantities. Madeira, too, is sending us more of her produce in the shape of pine-apples and oranges, to make up for her losses by the grape disease. Apropos of this malady, it has been stated that it can be cured or prevented by a solution of the higher sulphides of calcium. Vines washed with this solution continued to flourish, while others, purposely left untouched, suffered severely.

M. Bobierre, a chemist at Nantes, says that bronze is much more lasting and serviceable as sheathing for ships than copper or brass. M. Nicklès is still working at his experiments in magnetising the driving-wheels of locomotives. He has made some trials on the Paris and Lyon Railway; and now, having arrived at a better knowledge of circular electro-magnets, he thinks certain difficulties may be overcome. The object aimed at, is to increase the 'bite' of the wheels upon the rails. 'I shall not rest satisfied,' he says, 'until it has become easy to use gradients of more than ten millimetres to the metre, and until it shall become no longer necessary to construct tunnels at great expense, or to build extensive earthworks, or make curves of large radius.' With respect to the electro-chemical engine that has been a good deal talked about for the past few weeks, some of our ablest mechanicians deny the possibility of an apparatus that shall, as fast as galvanic

effect is obtained, reproduce the liquids still as active as before. If this be possible, the perpetual motion is achieved.

The project for an atmospheric conveyance-tube between New York and Boston, has advanced into the company stage with a prospect of being carried out. The tube, when complete, will be 200 miles in length; and small parcels are to be sent from one end to the other in fifteen minutes by the force of compressed air. It is a scheme worthy of American enterprise, which has just produced a tunnelling machine, compared with which all other contrivances for boring holes in the globe are mere gimlets. It is made of iron, works by steam, and weighs seventy-five tons. The cutters are steel disks, which revolve with 'irresistible power,' and carve an opening seventeen feet in diameter, 'through the hardest rock, at the rate of about three feet in two hours;' and with the attendance of only four men. A 'mechanical nautilus,' a new kind of diving-bell, has also been contrived, which can be moved from place to place, or kept stationary at any point between the surface of the water and the bottom with great facility. A report states that 'treasure, pearl-shells, coral, sponges, and all products under water, may be easily gathered, and sent to the surface without requiring the machine to rise. It has an arrangement which permits the digging of trenches, by which telegraph wires and water-pipes may be placed below the reach of anchors.' In short, there is no under-water employment for which it is not available. It has room for ten persons, and will rise from a depth of thirty feet in four seconds. Without necessarily disparaging the machine here described, which appears to be constructed with remarkable ingenuity, we may remind our readers that Mr Babbage suggested something very similar, nearly thirty years ago, in his article *Diving-bell*, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Agassiz is making known to the savans of Europe and America, that he is preparing a *Natural History of the Fishes of the United States*. He has just described a new species of fish sent to him from California, perch-like in appearance, and from ten to twelve inches long, which brings forth its young alive. It is believed that the auriferous state contains many other curiosities of natural history; and now that an Academy of Natural Sciences has been established at San Francisco, they will probably not long remain unknown.

The Photographic Exhibition held at Suffolk Street has proved successful, if only in demonstrating the real advancement made in that interesting art. Apparatus is simplified, landscapes more beautiful than ever have been taken, and life-size portraits can now be produced.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A WEARYFOOT EMEUTE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It is a curious fact in the natural history of little girls, that although they are passionately attached to young children, the feeling gradually changes to downright hostility as these creep up into the category of great boys. The great boy, on his part, can hardly be said to reciprocate the enmity; or at least his dislike is so much chastened with contempt as to change its character. He merely pooh-poohs the little girl. He looks upon her as a naturally inferior animal—inferior in wisdom, courage, and strength; and it is not till he has left great boyhood behind, that he finds out his mistake. Then he begins to blush and falter in the presence of the expanded weakling; then he pays obedience to the lightest look of this lower nature; then he dedicates to her service, and makes her own, all those qualities on the exclusive possession of which he had prided himself;

then he acknowledges in his heart—yea, in his heart of hearts—the supremacy of womanhood.

Sara at first shrunk from the great boy, as she called him, although he was probably very little older than herself; and Bob, after looking at her by the hour till he had learned her entirely by heart, turned away, with a kind of good-humoured disdain, to his books, or his fencing, or his chess. But he gradually discovered in Sara something that was necessary to his progress. She was much further advanced than himself in various kinds of knowledge, because what she knew she had learned methodically from its earliest rudiments. She was acquainted with at least the first lines of sciences—for instance, astronomy and botany—of which he knew nothing more than the names; and what was of still more consequence, she possessed a large collection of those multifarious school-books that are used in modern education. Sara thus acquired more and more consequence in his eyes every day; not in her own individuality, but as something which he instinctively felt to be necessary to the satisfaction of the blind, unconscious longings of his intellectual nature.

The little girl, on her part, pale, timid, and retiring, began erelong to fancy that after all there was nothing so excessively disagreeable in the great boy, who asked her questions, listened to her replies with calm attention, and received with thankfulness the loan of her books. To confer favours on a great boy changed entirely the relations between them; and by degrees Sara began to reap the advantage of being obliged to revert to the lessons she would otherwise soon have forgotten, in order to teach them to one whose natural gifts quickly carried both beyond them. The children studied in books together, looked at the stars together, botanised in the wood together. Elizabeth had a new listener; the captain another pupil in chess; and, to the extravagant delight of the veteran, Bob taught the little girl to fence, while she taught him to dance to her aunt's mechanical drumming on the piano. It is a trait worth mentioning in the life of this simple family, that Molly, after having been drilled for a week or two in private by Sara, was frequently called into the room to sustain a part in the dance, when it was necessary to make a second couple out of a movable partner and a chair. It must be added, that Molly, although at first frightened, nervous, and astonished, and eliciting far more laughter than applause, took at last to the exercise with such good-will, that it produced a manifest change for the better in her air and carriage. And no wonder; for her performances in the room were repeated step for step before Mrs Margery in the kitchen; and at other times, too, when she had nothing special in hand, or when the idea came spontaneously into her head, she would rush suddenly out to the middle of the floor, to the great annoyance of Mr Poring, and indulge in a skip on her own account.

All this time the good captain had never once thought of sending his protégé to school, or getting a governess for his niece. His sister, he considered, was all-sufficient in the latter capacity, for there was no end of her homilies; and as for the boy, was he not under his own special care—under the care of a man who had seen the world at home and abroad? The two children would thus have entirely lost some important time, had it not been for the restlessness of mind of the young son of the mist, who was never easy but when groping after knowledge of some kind.

But matters were not destined to continue always in this unsatisfactory position. Bob was growing upon their hands into a really great boy; and Sara's little figure was filling rapidly up and out, under the influence of good air, healthful exercise, and comfortable living. She was a pretty little girl, so far as regularity of features and sweetness of expression were concerned, but as yet there was no telling what she would grow into; while Bob, as it sometimes happens with the masculine, was a fine-looking, self-possessed, energetic boy, with his conformation, both outward and inward, requiring only expansion to give assurance of a man. The circumstances that led to a change as regards him, and at the same time almost turned Simple Lodge out of window, were as follows.

The visits of the neighbours were very unfrequent, for the captain, as has been seen, was not a man to set strangers so much at their ease with him as to induce them to desire anything like an intimate acquaintance; while the cold and unpractical Elizabeth was not readily understood as an interlocutor in conversation. Still, as a family keeping a man-servant, not to talk of the captain's commission, they were decidedly in the grade of genteel people, and their movements were watched with corresponding interest by the idlers of the neighbourhood. The advent of Bob, as was plain from the expressions made use of by the son of one of them, was well known from the first; and the nice little smash that young gentleman's fingers received, had doubtless the effect of fixing the circumstance in his memory. The reputed origin of the founding, however, as the subject came to be more and more discussed, was regarded as decidedly mythical. The idea of a boy of his respectable age being found suddenly in the mist, brought straight home by a man-servant, and instead of being sent to the workhouse, treated from that moment by the gentleman of the house as his own son, was quite too absurd—it was an outrage upon the common sense of the public. Even the doctor, whose professional visits had somehow never been required at the Lodge, but who was, nevertheless, full of charity for all men, women, and children, went so far as to admit, that the story was not well concocted—that our worthy neighbour might perhaps advantageously have taken a little more trouble in disguising the affair; but when the boy was understood to pass by the name of Oaklands, the name of a mysterious cook, of comely features, who was never seen out of the house, the whole thing stood plainly out in all its appalling reality.

Still, the neighbours did not know what to do, although all felt themselves called upon to do something; till the captain—brought up as he had been in the freedom of the camp, and in habitual defiance of the laws of God and man—had the audacity to bring his own niece, the daughter of his deceased brother, to reside in the same house! This was quite too bad. It was the signal for a general tea-table emente; and a resolution was passed *nem. con.*, that if any of the neighbours did continue to visit at the Lodge, it should only be in the hope of finding an opportunity of remonstrance. The opportunity, however, was long of coming. The captain was very grim—evidently not a man to be bearded with impunity; and as for Elizabeth, nobody could make anything of her at all. But one day, when the doctor and doctress, Mrs Seacole, a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood, and the rector of the parish, met in the parlour of Simple Lodge, the malcontents, finding themselves strong enough, cleared for action. Sara was in the room, and had been patted by all in turn, and asked about her studies by the rector, when Bob entered in his usual quiet manner, and taking a chair with the gravity of an elderly person, began to read the visitors, one by one, with his calm, observant eyes. 'That is not Miss Sara's brother, is it?' asked the doctor's wife innocently.

'No,' replied the captain.

'Oh!'

'A relative, though, of course,' said the doctor, moving up to the support of his spouse.

'No relation at all.'

'Oh!' Here the visitors exchanged looks, and an awkward silence ensued.

'It is the opinion of many divines and moralists,' said Elizabeth at last, 'that a tie of consanguinity runs through all mankind. It is difficult, doubtless, to name the relationship, when the common ancestor is at so remote a point of time; and that may be the reason why we are called, in a general meaning, brothers and sisters. It may be questioned, however, whether cousins would not be less incorrect, since there are cousins, more especially in Scotch families, that diverge to an incalculable distance.'

'Did Miss Semple say they were cousins?' asked Mrs Seacole, looking puzzled. 'How can that be, sir?' turning to the captain. 'You had only one brother, I have been told, Miss Sara's father, and you were never married.'

'No more I had,' said the captain—'no more I was: but'—and he executed a sardonic grin, which he intended to be facetious—'the fact is, Bob and I are only recent acquaintances—comparatively. He came accidentally—popped in when nobody wanted him—hey, sir?' and he wagged his beard at his young playfellow.

'I regret, sir,' said the rector gravely, 'that I cannot join you in this facetiousness. Your conduct towards the boy, or your motives for it, no one here, I am sure, desired to inquire into. Your explanation, therefore, was quite unnecessary; but we cannot help feeling for the poor little girl, the daughter of your deceased brother, whom you have determined to bring up in such society.'

'And where's the harm? Bob is a very good fellow, and a very clever fellow; he teaches her more than she teaches him; he makes her a capital fencer—a thing no girl ever was before; and of an evening they sing, and then they dance, with nobody but themselves, and the chair, and poor Molly, and—and where's the harm?'

'Where's the harm, indeed!' repeated Mrs Seacole, tossing her head.

'Oh, you are all too bad!' cried the doctor's wife: 'it is nothing but a mystery, and I do so love a mystery! Come here, Master Robert, and tell us what your name is.'

'Robert Oaklands, ma'am,' replied Bob, rising respectfully.

'And whose son are you?'

'Captain Semple's, ma'am.' The company looked at each other, and then at the captain, who blushed ferociously.

'He means what my sister calls metaphorical,' said he in confusion.

'Go on, my dear,' said the doctor; 'I shouldn't wonder if the lad does speak metaphorically.'

'Good gracious!' replied the lady half aside, 'I am almost afraid. Who is your mother, sir?'

'Mrs Margery, ma'am.' The questioner gave a little scream; her husband looked as liberal as he could under the circumstances; Mrs Seacole edged her chair a little way out of the circle; and the rector drew himself up stiff and awful.

'That is metaphorical, too,' said the doctor, 'I shouldn't wonder.'

'Whatever you please to think of it,' said the captain choking: 'I never set eyes on that woman Margery in my life!'

'What! never saw your own cook!'

'Never, as I am an officer and a gentleman!' This was proving such an extravagant deal too much, that even the doctor gave up the case as hopeless. The visitors merely bent their heads, and said: 'Hum!'

—what else could they say?—and then hastened to take their leave in a kind of panic, as if feeling that their enterprise, though successful, had ended tragically.

And so it did so far as the captain was concerned, for they left him one of the most miserable men on the face of the earth. If he had been plucked by the beard, it would have been comparatively a trifle, for he knew how to redress any wrongs of the kind; but to have all his notions of propriety outraged—for, like Spenser's valiant knight, the captain was 'modest as a maid'—to have been betrayed into an assertion which, although he knew it to be true, he himself felt, on consideration, to be too monstrous for belief, was an accumulation of unhappiness which stunned him.

'And you, sir,' said he, starting up at length, 'how dare you call me your father before company? That was all very well at first, and I didn't mind it; but, grown up as you are to be a great fellow, you should have more sense.'

'You allowed me at first, sir, to call you so,' replied Bob, 'and you have been more and more a father to me ever since; and so I forgot—what I am. What could I say? I could not tell those cold, hard people that I never had a father.'

'Is it better, think you, to tell an untruth? And that hideous woman in the kitchen must needs be your mother!'

'I see now it was wrong, but I did not think of it at the moment. Mrs Margery has been so kind to me, so like what I have read of a mother! But never mind, sir'—and he tried to smile down a little sob—'they will forget it all by and by, and you will never have to complain of me again.'

He turned away in agitation, and went to the window. The common lay before him, wide, still, and cold; and he looked long at it through his tears—the captain watching him with a yearning heart, that felt unconsciously the responsibility it had incurred, by awaking this desolate boy into thought and feeling. When Bob returned from the window, his eyes were dry and his cheek pale. His protector grasped him by the hand.

'And so they will, Bob,' said he; 'they will forget it all by and by, and you and I will be better friends than ever. And you will be a good fellow, and a clever fellow still; and we will not mind them, Bob, but be happy among ourselves, God bless you!'

'God bless you, sir!' said Bob; 'God bless you, my only father!—a name I shall never call you more. It was very wrong of me, I know, and I have disturbed you all. But you will not think unkindly of me, Miss Semple, will you?'—and he kissed the cold cheek of the virgin, who drew him in silence to her bosom.

'Sara, too—you will forgive me for having been called your brother, and your cousin, won't you, Sara?'—and as he kissed her pretty lips, he tried to smile down another little sob, and then left the room.

'I tell you what, Elizabeth,' said the captain, 'there is more in that boy than you or I think of. What it is, I don't know, or how it came into him; but it is something out of the common, I'll be bound!'

That night the veteran did not sleep well. Ignorant as he was of the world, he knew that, in justice both to himself and his niece, matters could not be suffered to rest where they were. Even if the true origin of his connection with Bob could be explained to the satisfaction of the neighbours, he felt, now that the subject had been forced upon him, the impropriety of the two young people growing up together in all the intimacy of brother and sister. But how to manage? Was he to send away the lad to be a mechanic, after he had brought him up to feel like a gentleman?—that was impossible. He had no money to buy him a commission, for he and his sister, having no posterity to provide for, had lived completely up to their moderate income. But, at any rate, Bob was too young for that yet—and

could they not hoard in the interval? That was the only thing to be done—and it must be done. But, in the meantime, the poor fellow must leave the house, and at once. So much the better, for it would be necessary for him to go through some preparation for the army. He must have some years of school; and to school Bob should go, before he was two days older.

While these reflections passed confusedly through his brain—for we have traced their direction, not their actual sequence—the captain fancied that he heard, every now and then, a very slight but unusual sound proceeding from another part of the house. When he had arrived painfully at the conclusion he had been labouring after, he set himself to listen intently, till he was almost sure it came from the attic where his protégé slept. The sound was fitful and unequal, but always so low, that it could not possibly have been heard at any other time than in the middle of the night. The veteran's heart began to quake, he did not know at what. He sat up in bed to listen the better. He fancied, at one time, that something was being dragged along the floor, but slowly and cautiously, as if from fear of detection; and by and by he could have persuaded himself that all had been fancy together, for everything became as still as the grave. He lay down again, but not to rest. The stillness seemed worse than the sound, and at length he determined to ascertain what it was all about.

He got up noiselessly, opened his room door, and peeped out. All dark—all silent. He crept slowly up the narrow stair, leading to a small closet forming the apex of the roof, and opening the door stealthily, looked in as grim as a bandit. A candle burned on a little deal-table in the middle of the floor; and although its wick was two inches long, it gave light enough to illumine the whole of that small apartment. A kind of knapsack, made of coarse canvas, was likewise on the table, and a good serviceable staff, cut doubtless from the neighbouring wood. Some articles of wearing-apparel lay neatly folded on a chair, and a number of books were ranged symmetrically against the wall: everything was to be left, it appeared, in apple-pie order, when the knapsack and staff and their master should vanish. On a little neat bed, with white dimity curtains, lay the adventurer himself in a profound slumber. He was completely dressed, even to the foraging-cap, and, having finished his preparations, had evidently lain down to wait for the dawn to light him on his solitary journey.

The captain gazed at the boy in a kind of awe. He looked old—so old, that one might have thought he had in that night grown to be a man; but on further examination, the appearance of age was seen to reside in the expression alone, for the exquisitely chiseled features had all the softness of early youth. His brown hair hung in clusters upon a brow as white as Parian marble; his cheeks were suffused with the rich glow given by the sun and wind to the young and healthy; and in the firm, horizontal line of the mouth, although the lips themselves had all the sweetness of a woman's, might be seen the indomitable will, and the power both to do and to suffer. The captain looked long at this portrait; and then, softly extinguishing the candle, he left the room, turned the key in the lock, and stole back to bed.

The next morning, he was early astir. As soon as he was dressed, he went up to call his protégé, as if nothing had happened, and, unlocking the door, invited him to walk in the wood. Their walk was a long one; but they returned at the breakfast-hour better friends than ever, as the veteran had prophesied, and Bob flushed, though grave. The particulars of their conversation were not known, and were probably of little consequence. It was understood, however, in the house that day, that Bob was about to go to a boarding-school at some considerable distance, and to remain

there during three years, holidays and all. No one suspected that the youth himself had made it a stipulation that he should pass his holidays at school, and that the bandit captain was moved almost to tears as he at length gave a reluctant assent.

During the next two days, although Bob contrived to see Mrs Margery alone, and tell her, with all the confiding fondness of a boy, of his new purposes and prospects, he was not at other times in the kitchen. He was too grave and old for that; and somehow—nobody knew what was the first occasion of it—he was now called 'Master Robert.' It was suspected that Mrs Margery was at the bottom of this innovation; but if so, it came like an electric communication to the parlour. As for Molly, it threw her into such a state of excitement, that she was like one demented. She flew about the house on all manner of errands, but never could open her lips without coming out with something about Master Robert, pronouncing the title with such a flush of pride, that no acting on the stage could come near it. Any one might see that there was something underhand going on between her and Mrs Margery, for the latter was heard to say:

'Didn't I tell you, girl? Isn't it all coming out? But watch, watch, without a word!' To which Molly replied only with a look out of her astonished eyes, closing her lips as if they were fastened with nails. All the time, however, Mr Poringe was dignified and supercilious. He durst not say Bob, but seemed as if he would not have said Master Robert for a month's wages.

On the third day, the aspect of things changed a little at Simple Lodge. In the afternoon, the youth's three years' banishment was to begin. Mrs Margery, notwithstanding all her prognostications of good-fortune, was every now and then in tears, and Molly said 'Master Robert' in a whisper, as if it was his funeral that was going forward. The captain was in very low spirits—he was losing his young comrade—he would have nobody now to fence with him, to walk with him, to play chess with him. Sara was nobody—she was only a girl. Even Elizabeth looked as if her occupation was gone, for her work lay for hours idle on her knee. At length the afternoon came; and the luggage was despatched by Mr Poringe, the large portmanteau, surmounted by a smaller box, to stand on end against the wall of the Plough, looking out for the arrival of the stage-coach. From this antiquated word, the reader will gather that a cross-road led from the village to the railway. The traveller was to arrive at the station late in the evening, and pursue his journey at an early hour on the following morning.

The adventurer was accompanied to the starting-place of his exodus by all the other denizens of Simple Lodge excepting the cat and Mrs Margery, both of them remarkably domestic individuals. From his leave-taking with the latter, Master Robert came forth with a flushed cheek and a glistening eye; but upon the whole he preserved his grave, old look surprisingly well. When they reached the Plough, Mr Poringe touched his hat to his master and mistress, but did not condescend to notice anybody else; and then the whole party stood awaiting the coach in profound silence. The coach at length dashed up to the door; and the portmanteau and box were on the top in an instant. The captain shook hands roughly with the youth, clearing his throat and shaking his whiskers like a fiend; but Elizabeth held him nervously by the arm.

'It has been noted,' said she, 'by the wise and thoughtful, that on the first entrance of a youth into the world depends mainly his success in life. You, I know, Master Robert, will have firmness to withstand'—here her own firmness seemed giving way, and it was with a tremulous voice she proceeded—'and courage, Robert, to endure'—but it would not do, for her own courage was going—going—gone; and when she had

stammered out—'and—and—energy, Bob—dear Bob'—her voice was choked, and the virgin, quite overcome, leant her face on his shoulder.

'Now then!' cried the coachman, with a smack of his whip, which made the horses prance as if they were off that instant. Molly was stuffing a packet into the traveller's greatcoat, but her shaking hands would have made little progress had he not assisted her.

'It's a cake, Master Robert,' she said with as shaky a voice, 'made by me and Mrs Margery.' He sprang up to the top of the coach almost at a bound; the whip smacked again; the horses danced impatiently for a moment, and then set off as if they thought they had lost time; and Robert, conscious of the strange eyes that were upon him, in spite of the sinking of his boyish heart, looked a last adieu to his friends with such an air that Mr Poringe involuntarily touched his hat. The vehicle almost instantly disappeared; and Elizabeth holding her brother's arm, groped her way home through her tears, while the captain 'hem—hemmed' defiantly, and brandished his stick as if daring any scoundrel extant to suppose that he had a sore heart and a moistened eye.

That evening the people at the inn where the coach stopped could not have suspected that the calm, self-possessed gentlemanly youth, who gave his orders so firmly yet so gently, had never been in a similar position before. But when the young traveller retired to bed, the novelty of the situation struck him almost with awe, and his thoughts, so wild, yet so coherent, appeared to belong in equal degrees to sleep and waking consciousness. The mist of the common seemed to close gradually over him. There was no human being near him on any side; no sound but an inarticulate hum that told of a peopled world far, far away. He was choked with that thick vapour coming down darker and darker around him, and the feeling of loneliness oppressed his spirit. Presently the cloud was broken here and there with rays of light—to be extinguished ever and anon by heavy rain-drops plashing in marshy pools. He would have cried aloud, but his voice could not penetrate the thick air; he would have followed one of the numerous tracks he could feel beneath his feet, but they were all lost in the next pool. Onward, however, he strode—onward—onward—the large marsh splashing under his feet, the light gleaming through the cloud, the rain beating on his uncovered head, till he passed into unconsciousness. This was partly a dream, partly a memory, partly a prophecy. But the water at least was real; for when the solitary youth sank into a deep slumber, his pillow was wet with his tears.

#### THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF MARTINIQUE.

That the Mammoth Cave is an antiquity of the world before the Flood—a city of giants which an earthquake swallowed, and which a chance roof of rocks has protected from being effaced by the Deluge—is one of the fancies which its strange phenomena force upon the mind. All is so architectural. It is not a vast underground cavity, raw and dirty, but a succession of halls, domes, and corridors, streets, avenues, and arches—all underground, but all telling of the design and proportion of a majestic primeval metropolis. It is not a cave, but a city in ruins—a city from which sun, moon, and stars have been taken away—whose day of judgment has come and passed, and over which a new world has been created and grown old. By what admirable laws of unknown architecture those mammoth roofs and ceilings are upheld, is every traveller's wondering question. In some shape or other, I heard each of my companions express this. No modern builder could throw up such vast vaulted arches, and so unaccountably sustain them. And all else is in keeping. The cornices and columns, aisles and galleries, are gigantically proportionate, and as mysteriously upheld. Streets after streets, miles after miles, seem to have been left only half in ruins; and here and there is an

effect as if the basements and lower stories were encumbered with fragments and rubbish, leaving you to walk on a level with the capitals and floors once high above the pavement. It might be described as a mammoth Herculeaneum, first sepulchred with over-topping mountains, but swept and choked afterwards by the waters of the Deluge, that found their way to its dark streets in their subsiding. What scenery and machinery all this will be for the poets of the West, by and by! Their Parnassus is a house ready furnished.—*A Health-Trip to the Tropics*, by N. P. Willis.

### CHARON'S FERRY.

BY MRS D. OGILVY.

The tide-streams up the inlet sweep,  
The fog-wind rises from the deep,  
And damp and chill with floating spray,  
Soaks the loose sandhills of the bay,  
Till their reed grasses, stiff as spears,  
Bow down beneath his silent tears,  
While wails and sighs around them float:  
'Charon! Charon! loose thy boat;  
Shift thy helm and take us in;  
We are sick with cold and sin—  
Charon! Charon!'

There is a hazy helpless moon—  
She cannot light the vast lagoon,  
Nor daunt the marsh-fire, wandering wild,  
Like some belated orphan child,  
Nor pierce the sea-fog's misty curls,  
As on the sandy marge it swirls,  
In vapour wreaths and folds of shrouds,  
All shifting like aerial clouds,  
All walling, walling evermore:  
'Charon! Charon! lift thine oar;  
Haste to help us—urge thy bark;  
We are waiting in the dark—  
Charon! Charon!'

Then from behind a jutting cape,  
Steered out a boat of ghastly shape,  
With coffin'd ridge it blackly glides,  
Like those that brush San Marco's sides,  
And shoot below Venetian walls  
Their rapid, noiseless, funeral palls.  
Her prow hangs forth one single lamp,  
That flares and flickers in the damp;  
One single boatman tugs the oar,  
And, stoutly pulling, nears the shore,  
Whence issue sighs and dreary wails:  
'Charon! Charon! spread thy sails!  
We have watched the midnight through,  
Dawn approaches, cold and blue—  
Charon! Charon!'

But, lo! the boatman stern replied:  
'O ye who haunt this fatal tide,  
Remember, he who sails with me  
Must buy his place and pay his fee,  
Since I account to gods below  
For souls that o'er their ferry go.'  
Then sad and sadder down the gale  
Outrang the spirits' woful wail:  
'Charon! Charon! grant us grace;  
We were slaves of wretched race,  
Lived with brutes—man's serf and hind,  
Died deserted by our kind—  
Charon! Charon!'

Inexorable still, he said:  
'I judge you not, ye hapless dead;  
Your life was hard—your road was rough—  
Of stripes and plagues you felt enough;  
Howe'er, this word abideth true,  
The Elysian fields are not for you:  
Without my token, none may cross;  
Ye should have friends to save your loss.'

Then rose a shriek of men and maids,  
Of aged ghosts and infant shades:  
'Charon! Charon! we were poor;  
Must the punishment endure?  
Are the gods like men, who hate  
Those who are abused by Fate?  
Charon! Charon!'

Lo! fables these of ancient times—  
They only live in poets' rhymes;  
Yet still, methinks, there are to-day  
Who would the churlish Charon play,  
And standing by Salvation's shore,  
Fobbid the Outcast's passage o'er,  
Pressing the mockery of a claim  
On some neglected child of shame,  
And crying out: 'The fee, the fee!'  
While spirits wail in jeopardy:  
'Charon! Charon! we were slaves,  
Tossed on Misery's barren waves,  
Want, despair, and crime our lot,  
We can give but what we got—  
Charon! Charon!'

### PORTRAITS FROM DAGUERRETYPE.

Happening, a few days since, to be at the studio of Mr Ransom, in the University building, on Washington Square, he shewed us a mode, invented by himself, of painting portraits from daguerreotypes, which cannot fail to produce very important results in portrait-painting. It is purely mechanical, and consists in so placing the daguerreotype as to throw an exact copy of it, magnified to any required size, upon canvas placed at the distance of a few feet from it. In this way, a most accurate likeness, the size of life, is projected upon canvas from a daguerreotype; and may be sketched with a crayon or otherwise, to be finished and coloured with oils afterwards. The utility of the invention consists in enabling the artist to get a perfect copy of the features with infinitely more accuracy and ease than in the ordinary way; while it does not interfere in the least with the subsequent finish of the portrait. We saw at his rooms some most remarkable likenesses, painted wholly from daguerreotypes in this way, without ever having seen the originals.—*N. Y. Times*.

### CHINESE FISHERIES IN CALIFORNIA.

Many of our readers may not be aware that on the south side of Rincon Point, near the mouth of Mission Creek, there is a settlement of Chinese well worth a visit. It consists of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, who are chiefly engaged in fishing. They have twenty-five boats, some of which may be seen at all hours moving over the waters—some going to, others returning from, the fishing-grounds. The houses are placed in a line on each side of the one street of the village, and look neat and comfortable. Here and there, a group is seen making fish-lines, and with their rude machines, stacking in heaps the quantities of fish which, lying on all sides around, dry in the sun, and emit an ancient and fishlike odour. The fish which they catch consist of sturgeon, rates, and shark, and large quantities of herring. The latter are dried whole, while the larger are cut into thin pieces. When they are sufficiently dry, they are packed in barrels, boxes, or sacks, and sent into town to be disposed of to those of their countrymen who are going to the mines or are bound upon long voyages. An intelligent Chinaman told us that the average yield of their fishing a day was about three thousand pounds, and that they found ready sale for them at five dollars the hundred pounds, which would amount in money to six hundred dollars, or, if my estimate of the number of inhabitants is correct, to four dollars per man.—*California Journal*.

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